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PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Intellectual One: I SHOULD NOT SAY YOU HAD HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE WITH MEN.
The Demure One: PERHAPS NOT. I HAVE REFUSED SEVEN AND ACCEPTED FIVE.

· LIFE ·

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TO
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TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTORY OF HIS BLOOP, "MAYFLOWER" OVER
CUTTER "GALATEA," IN AMERICA'S CUP RACES OF SEPTEMBER, 1886.

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West 23d St.

Good Sir Guy



I.

N the dusty highway riding,
Good Sir Guy, in armor bright,
Taxed his meagre brain, deciding,
As became a Christian knight,
Whether he'd go straight to Glory,
Skipping Hell and Purgatory.

II.

"If," he mused, "that fool de Slashem,
Whom I settled June the third,
Passed his checks to where they cash 'em—
And I have the bishop's word—
Then as far as I discern, he
Made a devilish fast journey !

III.

"Let me see, to-day is Monday,
June eleventh,—I'll be blown !
Then a week ago last Sunday
He set out for *la terre chaude !*"
This is French. He learned it, maybe,
From his nurse, when quite a baby.

IV.

"If de Slashem twangs with pious
Meekness on a harp of gold
In the sky, perhaps he'll spy us
Mortals here on earth !" The bold
Guy de Mashem hurled invective
At Sir Slashem in perspective.

V.

"I have scored my hundredth battle !
Slashem's score was sixty-three !

Heathen I have slain like cattle ;
Hacked and slashed them piously,
Which, and godly men have said it,
Is immensely to my credit.

VI.

"I have lead, as I remember,
A most meek and righteous life—
Save, perhaps, when last September
I abducted Slashem's wife ;
But she lived in pious fervor,
And he didn't half deserve her.

VII.

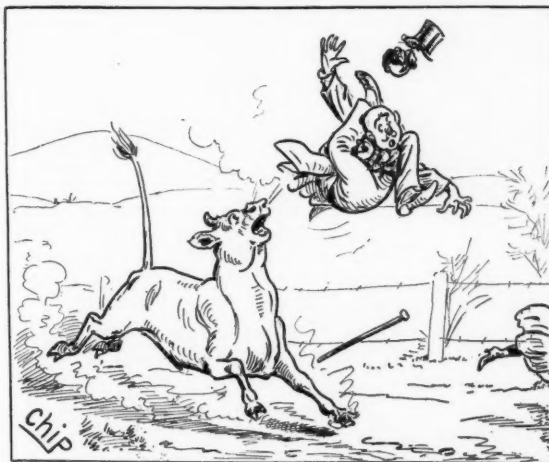
"When de Slashem would arrest me,—
I forget the charge he made,—
I, when Father Mole confessed me,
Fled to join the third crusade ;
Fled to fight for Holy Mother,
Church, or some such cause or other.

VIII.

"True, I slit de Slashem's wizzend,
For he nursed a silly whim
That I ought to be imprisoned,
So I made a hash of him ;
But the bishop, at confession,
Pardoned me this slight transgression."

IX.

So along the highway riding,
Good Sir Guy, in armor bright,
Sanctified with faith abiding,
Praying, trusting in the right,
Felt at heart he'd live in Glory,
Not in Hell or Purgatory.—Robert W. Chambers.



"GETTING IN THE WAY OF IT."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

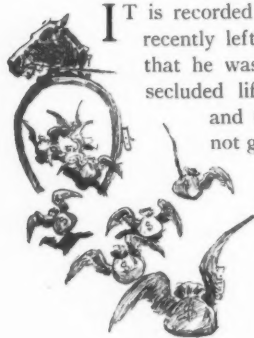
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SO Italy is to have our Mr. Van Alen of Newport. Some of our most respectable contemporaries have been excessively scandalized at this prospect, but it has never seemed to LIFE portentous enough to justify so much fuss. It accords with current sentiment that candidates for diplomatic offices should be men who have done something for the party, who can be spared from home, and who can afford to go. Mr. Van Alen satisfies all these conditions, and LIFE would as soon see him at Rome as Richard Croker himself. The men who get money out of politics are not the only valid patriots, nor are they always necessarily more worthy than the men who put money in.



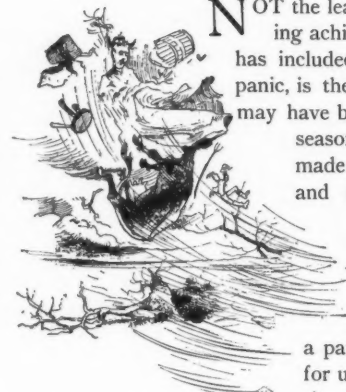
IT is recorded of the late Mr. Bathgate Beck, who recently left four or five millions to public uses, that he was of a retiring disposition, and led a secluded life, but was a great lover of horses and took pleasure in owning them. It is not given to all men to attain to satisfactory associations with their fellow creatures. Some men are not fortunate in their acquaintances and others have not the faculty of getting good company out of the people they know. It is lucky for a rich man who is defective on his social side if he is able to recoup himself by desirable equine associations for the loss of such human society as is denied him. The appreciative possession of first-rate horses is a pure and elevating pleasure; not the highest perhaps, but a very sure one. For a man may be very rich and still not happen upon such men and women as suit him, but horses he can procure to his taste if only he has a taste for horses, and a long enough purse. It is true that men do not always shine by association with the horses which they own, since often-times the horses are so much better-bred and better-behaved and handsomer than the men

that the owners dwindle by contrast with the beasts. But that is a risk that horse-owners have to take, and as a rule it does not seem to worry them.

* * *

IT attests the self-confidence of polite society in New York, that it does not hesitate to put itself on public exhibition alongside of the most elaborate show of equine aristocracy that the land can afford. The visitor to the Horse Show, now imminent in this town, will see our finest folks and our handsomest "critters," all with their best foot forward, led out to be admired. If he thinks the horses are more delectable than the people, it is a matter of taste and he will be privileged to harbor that opinion. He will admit, though, that between the two, the animal exhibition is a great one, and that it is rare for a single roof and a single price of admission to cover two spectacles so worthy of regard.

* * *



NOT the least of the many astonishing achievements of a year which has included a World's Fair and a panic, is the West India storm. It may have been invented before this season, but never before has it made itself fully understood and obtained public recognition for its remarkable qualities. It is a product of distinguished note, and the weather bureau should take out a patent on it, not so much for use as to avoid the necessity of having any further specimens submitted. No combination of the elements, not even Senator Teller, has incurred so considerable a measure of the popular respect since fire destroyed a large part of the City of Chicago.

* * *

ONE beneficent result of the closing of the Fair is the relief to the railroads. The public insisted upon cheap rates to Chicago. The railroads reluctantly conceded them. The result was more travel than the roads could handle with safety, and a consequent succession of horrible disasters. The old saw about safety in numbers has had no application to the World's Fair travel. The greater the numbers there, the less the safety. It is a blessed relief to be able to take up a morning paper again without being shocked by the details of an excursion train wreck. It is also a relief to everyone living between Chicago and New York to have trains running once more on time. The aggregate of the precious moments lost within the past two months by delays in travel must be something appalling. But we can't have a World's Fair without paying its price, and Chicago aided the railroads in seeing that the rest of the world should pay a very good price indeed.



A DISTRESSFUL FEMALE.

THE lady seems worried?

She *is* worried; badly.

And what might be the trouble?

You see that other woman over there?

Yes.

She is afraid that woman is going to be introduced to her.

And why not?

Oh, she doesn't want to know her.

Anything that's catching the matter with the other woman?

Oh, no! Nothing.

Morals bad? Kleptomaniac? Borrower?

Oh, no.

Book agent? Collector? Female correspondent?

No, no. Good woman enough I guess.

Then why should our lady worry so?

She thinks that for the other woman to get to know her would be useful to the other woman.

Whereas?

Having a select acquaintance already, she prefers to admit to it only such new people as promise to be useful to her.

So she is distressed for fear that some social virtue may go out of her in spite of herself?

That seems about it.

Dear, dear! How full of hazards life is, even in time of peace.

To be sure.

Why doesn't she get insured, or even stay at home and be safe?

She might miss meeting someone whose acquaintance she may need.

She seems not to appreciate the charms of variety?

No, she does not care for variety in hers. Exclusiveness is good enough for her. She does not care to meet on equal terms any one who is not of the sort and set that she aspires to.

Poor lady; she is in for a dull time, isn't she?

It looks that way.

Unless it should dawn on her sometime that the most lucrative of all people to know are the people whom one can help.

And she does not seem to be much in the way of finding that out?

No, poor thing; no she doesn't

E. S. M.



great deal and he has an eye for the dramatic effect of things. Color and composition are his literary weapons.

VAN BIBBER: And very few use them so well. Most of our story writers simply think they are thinking.

MISS CUYLER (*glancing out of the car window toward a corner of the street*): Do you see that woman in half mourning, standing on the crossing and waiting for this car? That is to be the answer to my question from the College Settlement.

VAN BIBBER (*who knows the town*): By Jove, that is the Other Woman of Dickey's story, on account of whom our friend Miss Ellen threw over Latimer. Where did you meet her?

MISS CUYLER: Down at the Settlement a few months ago. She is absorbed in good work of that kind. Run along now, and let me talk with her.

VAN BIBBER (*going out as the car stops. Under his breath*): Whew! To think that the dashing Birdie Benson should have taken to the Church!

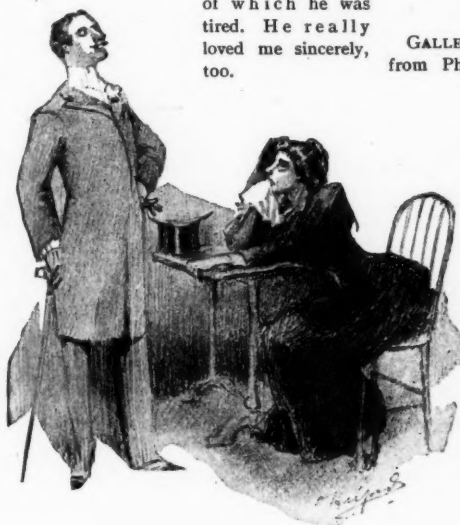
(*Enter THE OTHER WOMAN, who is recognized by MISS CUYLER. They sit together and talk.*)

MISS CUYLER: The girls have written to me that you want to join in our work actively, and I am on my way to talk with them about it.

THE OTHER WOMAN: That is my errand also, and I am glad that I met you here alone where I can make an explanation. I don't want to go into this work while you have a false impression in your mind about me.

MISS CUYLER: Your frankness wins me.

THE OTHER WOMAN: I need all of your good will, oh, more than you can imagine. You must know first that I am not what you think me. I am not a widow; I am not even a wife. (*With hesitation.*) I came from a home of refinement in a country village. It is the old story of a trusting girl deceived by the glib phrases of a city man of a certain type. My evil genius was a man of your own circle—handsome, plausible, almost eloquent. He has the fatal faculty of deceiving himself as easily as he deceives others. We were very happy for a time in a fool's Paradise, until he met a young woman in society, the daughter of a bishop, whom he thought worthy of his superior qualities. Then he came to me with one of his canting sermons about his "duty to himself, his family, and society," and threw me over like a toy of which he was tired. He really loved me sincerely, too.



MISS CUYLER (*aside*): I always thought that Latimer's remarks to the bishop in his study were solemn nonsense, and now I know it. You can trust a woman like Ellen for seeing through a sham every time.

THE OTHER WOMAN (*continuing*): The rest of my story is very short, but it is the worst. All my good impulses were dried up by his cruelty, and I plunged into a world of which you do not even dream, and led a life that gained me the nickname of the "Dashing Birdie Benson." But one cannot escape from the good influences of the home of one's youth, and for a year now they have been drawing me to better things.

MISS CUYLER: You poorchild. I am sorry for you with all my heart. You must go away from this city where your old career will surely find you out. I'll discover a way out of it all.

(*Enter newsboy with papers.*)

GALLEGHER: Poypers! Here's yer evenin' poypers! *Telegram, Nooes, Worl', an' Sun!*

MISS CUYLER (*scrutinizingly*): Aren't you Mr. Davis's friend, Gallegher, who caught the murderer over in Philadelphia?



GALLEGHER (*with a grin*): Yep; I'm from Phillie. It's too slow a town for me. But that's a lot of guff he's been a-givin' ye, about me an' the bruisers. I got onto the bloke wid only tree fingers to his hand, but I didn't do no cry-baby and holy cherub act when the coppers chased me into the Press office. I slid up to the managing editor and said, "Here's Mr. Dwyer's copy. Rush it, quick. And say, cully, can't ye give me a box of cigarettes for bringing it so soon?" That's all that's uv it. See! (*Exit, singing*) EXTRY. Full account of the Tornady.

(*Conductor yells "Rivington Street," and both exeunt.*)

Droch.



PUZZLE.

FIND THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO IS



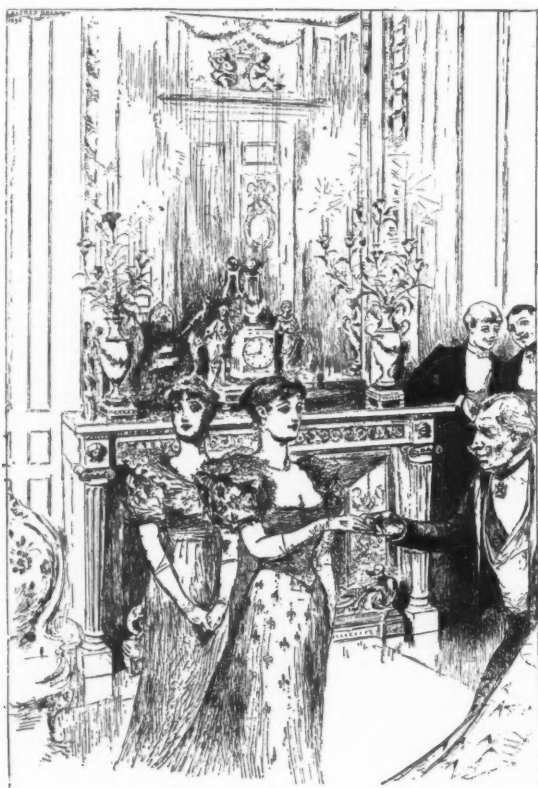
PUZZLE.
THE MAN WHO IS TELLING THE STORY.



MRS. AND MR. KENDAL AGAIN.

WITH the courtesy which New York theatrical managers usually show to the people who pay for seats in their theatres, the management of the Star Theatre advanced the opening time of their last week's performances from 8.15 P.M. to eight o'clock, without sufficiently advertising that fact. The result was that the people who came on time were constantly disturbed through the first act by those who didn't.

The play at stake was performed by Mrs. and Mr. Kendal and their company, and was entitled "The Silver Shell." The author was Mr. H. J. W. Dam, an American. The nativity of the author may possibly account for the



Cholly: I SHOULD HATE TO MARRY SUCH A BRIGHT WOMAN. WHY, LAST WEEK HER HUSBAND SENT HER A TELEGRAM SAYING HE SHOULD STAY LATE AT THE OFFICE, AND SHE SENT AN ANSWER TO THE CLUB THAT SHE WOULD SIT UP TILL THREE.



"LOOK, GIRLS, WHAT I JUST FOUND IN THE HAY-LOFT. I'LL RIG UP IN IT AND SCARE THE LIFE OUT THAT OLD HAYSEED DOWN THE ROAD."



"GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MR. NEW, I PITY ANY ONE WHO LAYS EYES ON YOU."



"THAT LETTER WAS STUCK UP THERE LAST NIGHT. NOW I JES' WANTER SEE THEM BUCKS, WHATEVER THEY BE, JES' TACKLE ME. EF THEY'D ONLY SAIL IN RIGHT NOW."



"NAIL HIM, SETH; SOAK IT TO HIM, PIKE."



"WHEN YE'VE SOAKED ENOUGH, AND ARE READY TO SWEAR YE'LL NEVER DO NO MORE WHITE CAP JOBS WE'LL PULL YE UP."



THE MARCH TOWARD TOWN.

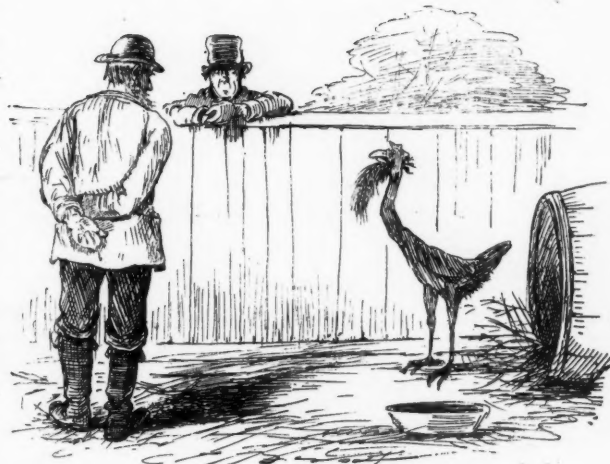


"SEEING YE DIDN'T HEV NO WEAPONS ABOUT YE, I'LL JEST FINE YE TEN DOLLARS FER THAT THREATNIN' LETTER YE HUNG ON THE TREE."

wording and extensive publicity given to the following

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In answer to many demands for repetitions of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mr. Kendal desires to state that by contract with the author, Mr. Dam, it was agreed to present the new play "The Silver Shell" at least one week during the present New York engagement; but in deference to many requests "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will be given at a special matinee next Wednesday at 2.

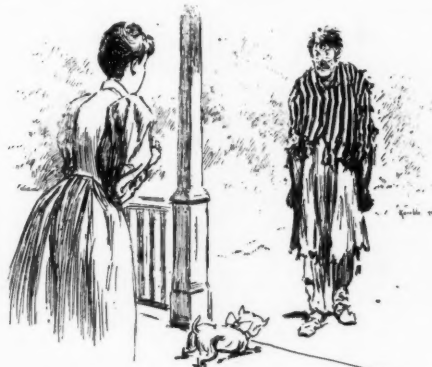


A BIRTH MARK.

Proprietor: YOU SEE, IT'S EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR WHEN YOU BEAR IN MIND THE FACT THAT ITS MOTHER WAS SCARED FROM HER NEST BY A PASSING PEDDLER!

Any one who has seen "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and who knows what efforts Mrs. Kendal has made, by abusing the critics, to preserve the reputation of Mrs. Tanqueray, will quite understand that a legal obligation to present Mr. Dam's play would not be welcome in view of the peculiar money-drawing power of Mrs. Kendal's recent excursion into the powers of making the stage teach Mrs. Kendal's ideas of morality. If Mr. Dam had placed blooming good Billingsgate in the mouth of his leading female character, the result in America might have been different.

"The Silver Shell" is not a good play. Its plot is too complicated and the interest too divided to make it succeed with the critic or with the usual theatre-going audience. The third act, which gives a realistic notion of the culmination of a Nihilistic conspiracy and the consequent overthrow of the plot by a Russian spy, is very strong, but not strong enough to save the whole play from more than a suspicion of sensationalism and a certainty of unreality.



"CALL THAT DOG AWAY, MISS JONES, AND YOU NEEDN'T ASK ME WHAT'S THE MATTER. HAVE YOU GOT A TIME TABLE OF THE TRAINS TO THE CITY?"

Throughout Mrs. Kendal is Mrs. Kendal, a trifle less rank than in *Mrs. Tanqueray* and more pronounced than in *Claire* and some of her other parts. Mr. Kendal makes the same mistake that Mr. Mansfield makes in *Shylock* and tries to force grey hairs and grease paint to take the place of old age.

Metcalfe.

A DOUBTING THOMAS.

MRS. BEENTHERE: The Chicago people gave sculptor Bartholdi a luncheon while he was there.

MR. BEENTHERE: Eh! Gave it to him?

"Yes."

"Didn't charge him a cent?"

"That's what the papers say."

"Humph! You can't believe everything you see in the papers nowadays."

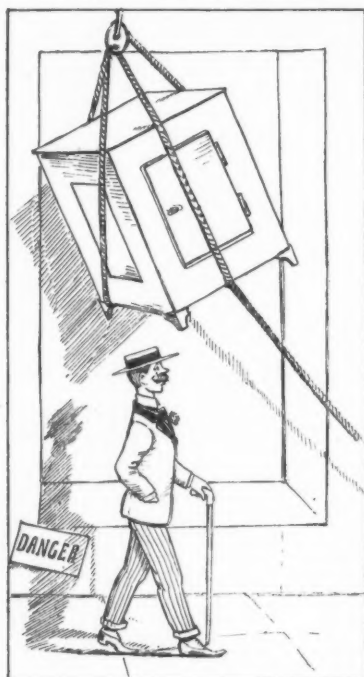
A RECALL.

THE half-back seized the ball, and darting around the left end made a superb rush down the field. It was a forty-five yard gain and the crowd went wild. But when the cheers of applause had subsided it was apparent that the ball had not been "in play."

"Oh, dear! what does he have to bring the ball way back for?" asked Kitty, despairingly.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Reggy Westend, "unless the beggah got an encore!"

FAIR MAIDEN (at the foot-ball game, during an exciting *melée*): Oh, look there—can't Jack hug just beautifully!



A SAFE RISK.



HE THOUGHT HE HAD 'EM.

Traveler in the Tropics: THIS SETTLES IT! I'LL SWEAR OFF—FIRST OF THE YEAR!

ONLY A SHORT TIME.

WITHERBY (savagely): Isn't it about time to have those windows cleaned?

MRS. WITHERBY: Why, they were cleaned only recently.

WITHERBY: How recently?

MRS. WITHERBY: Two girls ago.

THE dark eyes of the Indian girl were moist.

"Papa," she announced with trembling lips, "won't buy me a bow-wow."

"Never mind, dear," replied the mother, soothingly, "in these hard times we ought to be satisfied with plenty of good bread and butter and roast beef, without any of the luxuries."



GOING AT A REDUCTION.



"POOR LITTLE REGGIE! DRUNK AND CARRIED TO THE STATION-HOUSE."

"YES, BUT WHAT WOUNDS HIS PRIDE IS THAT THEY MADE THE POLICE-MATRON PUT HIM TO BED."

THE Jeffersonian chicken has a good right to crow over Silver Repeal. Not because the Democrats in Congress were responsible for its victory, but because the most Jeffersonian and most prominent Democrat in the country insisted upon Repeal. If President Cleveland had wavered or weakened in the slightest degree, the trimmers and compromisers, backed up by the Populist cranks, would have been masters of the situation.

Once more Mr. Cleveland has shown himself worthy of

the trust reposed in him by the people. Democrats of the Tammany and David Pot-house Hill kind are always accusing him of posing as better than his party. If this posing consists in his sticking out for sound currency and refusing to be governed by Democratic politicians, the people approve of it.

The fact is that Mr. Cleveland is a truer Jeffersonian and a truer Democrat than any of his critics. Therefore, let the Jeffersonian chicken rejoice and sound high its clarion of victory.





THE MAJORITY.

THERE'S heads and heads and heads and heads,
Long heads, round heads, and flats;
Some heads are made to carry brains,
And some just carry hats.

—Boston Transcript.

It was 9 P. M., and Herr August Glimmermann stood ready equipped in traveling costume. He put on his gloves and his hat, snatched up his plaid, turned the gas off, and was about to leave the room preparatory to starting on a long journey through Germany and Italy, when, in the dark, his sleeve swept over the table, in consequence of which something dropped on the floor, which, to judge from the sound, must have been a coin. Although during his absence no one could enter the room, as he was in the habit of locking it and taking the key with him, yet he thought it better not to leave the money lying about, but secure it in his purse. He therefore relighted the gas, and found that the coin was only a copper of the value of one penny sterling. Putting it in his purse, he hurried out of the room and quickly locked the door, for it was just striking nine and his train left at 9.18, so that he had only just time to catch it. Eight months later, Glimmermann, on his return from Italy, unlocked the door of his room and went in. Ha! what

is that? The gas was burning merrily just as he left it, after lighting it to seek the dropped coin, he having forgotten to turn it off again in his hurry, and a couple of days later he was presented with a gas bill to the amount of £1 5s. 3½d.—*Humoristische Blätter.*

PROF. WISE is an absent-minded man, yet so thoroughly genial and unaffected in his absent-mindedness that it never occurs to any one to take offense at it. It so happened that the professor arrived late one winter's afternoon in a small Western town, intent upon visiting an old college chum, whom he had not seen for many years. Arriving at the house he was shown immediately to his room, where he prepared himself for dinner before meeting his host's family.

When the various stains of travel were removed he descended. The drawing-room door was open, but the lights were not yet lighted. A bright fire was burning in the grate and somebody's head was just visible over the top of a big chair in front of it. The professor is a bit near-sighted, but he could see that there was somebody in the chair. So he tip-toed softly up behind it and patted the occupant on the head.

"Hello!" he said. "Warming up your shins just as you used to."
And then his old chum's wife, whom he had never met before, rose out of the chair to greet him.—*Boston Budget.*

"WERE you ever shot in the war, colonel?" asked the young woman of the warrior after listening to some of his exceedingly blood-curdling reminiscences of the late unpleasantness.

"Once only. A bullet struck me right here," putting his hand directly over his heart. "Dear me," she cried; "why didn't it kill you? That is where your heart is."

"True," returned the colonel, "it is where my heart is now, but at the time I was shot, fortunately enough, my heart was in my mouth."—*Harper's Magazine.*

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DINKS: Did your words seem to have any weight with the President?
CEKERR: Any wait? Great Scott! I asked him for the office four months ago and haven't seen a sign of it yet.—*Buffalo Courier.*

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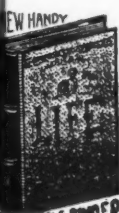
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"An' wheer did they get it fro'?" queried the collier.

"They got it from their ancestors," was the reply.

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